

Our Dumb Animals.

"The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals," "The American Humane Education Society," and "The American Bands of Mercy."

"WE SPEAK FOR
THOSE THAT



CANNOT SPEAK
FOR THEMSELVES."

I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility, the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.—COWPER.

Vol. 27.

Boston, January, 1895.

No. 8.



I WISH YOU A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

HAPPY NEW YEAR!

We wish everybody *A Happy New Year*—all our friends—and *all our enemies*, if we have any—and the whole world—a New Year so full of kind words and kind acts that it shall be the *happiest new year* the world has ever seen.

A BUILDING FOR OUR HUMANE SOCIETIES.

We do want, before we get through our labors, to see a building erected which shall stand for our *two Humane Societies* longer than the "*Old South*" or any church in Boston has thus far stood—part of it to be used for our offices and the greater part rented to aid our work.

We do not want *memorial windows*, but we do want *memorial panels* of marble on its inner walls, containing the names and gifts of those who have given it or in memory of whom it has been given, to tell, for more than two hundred years, in a vastly more useful manner than any cemetery monument, the generosity and humanity of its donors.

Others may differ from us, but, for ourself, we would rather our name should stand on one of its marble panels, to show future generations our interest in the protection of *God's dumb creatures*, than to stand on the records of "*Harvard University*," the outside of our public library, or even on the inside of "*Westminster Abbey*."

While the *Masons*, the *Odd Fellows*, the *Young Men's Christian Associations* and *Unions*, and a multitude of charitable societies, are erecting buildings all over our land, and the "*Woman's Christian Temperance Union*" has its *Temple*, thirteen stories high, and our Societies *P. C. to Animals* in London, New York, and Chicago have their buildings, is it not time that our "*American Humane Education Society*" and "*Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals*," which are now reaching out with their *tens of thousands* of "*Bands of Mercy*," and their *hundreds of millions* of pages of humane literature in various languages, not only over our whole country, but also many others, should have a permanent home bearing some proportion to the greatness of our work?

No better opportunity will ever come for many of our friends to show, in a most permanent and useful form, their gratitude to these dumb servants, companions, and friends, who have served them so faithfully and brought so much happiness into their lives and the lives of those who are dear to them. We shall be glad to see or receive letters from all who are willing to aid.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

Old gentleman to small boy: "I wish you a happy new year, my son, and hope you will improve in wisdom, knowledge and virtue."

Small boy, innocently: "Thank you, sir; the same to you."

ALMOST THROWN OFF THE TRACK.

Just before going to press we learn from our daily papers that two schoolboys in Lynnfield, near Boston, one ten and the other nine years old, came very near throwing a railroad train off the track in a most dangerous locality, where perhaps half the passengers might have been killed, their object being to *kill the lady teacher who had flogged them.*

A "Band of Mercy" in that school would have prevented the flogging and the plan, almost successful, of killing the teacher and many others on the train.

On Sunday evening, Nov. 23d, 1879, we had the pleasure of addressing on "The Growth and Prevention of Crime," first in "The Academy of Music," presided over by Governor Pillsbury, then Governor of the State of Minnesota, and later in the evening in "Association Hall," presided over by one of the Judges, a union meeting of all the Protestant Evangelical Churches of Minneapolis.

In that address we told those two great audiences that "a single neglected boy could set a fire in their lumber district on any windy night which might burn down half their city."

A prominent "Woman's Christian Temperance Union" woman called upon us yesterday and said: "After all, our great temperance work is only a single branch of the great work of your 'American Humane Education Society' for God and Humanity."

A leading physician of Boston's Back Bay writes us, with his donation: "Your work makes all other work seem small."

A Boston editor wrote us yesterday: "The world is beginning to listen."

To which we add: The work has only just begun. While the fields are white for the harvest, the laborers are at present comparatively few.

When our over 20,000 "Bands of Mercy" shall number over 200,000, and their members in all civilized nations be counted by millions, then the world will see the dawning of the Millennium of Peace on Earth and good will to every living creature.

In the meantime, with cheerful hearts, let us press onward, and with thanks to the Giver of All Good for the past, and with hope for the future,

Praise God from whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him all creatures here below."

GEO. T. ANGELL.

IN THE NIGHT.

As our friends know, we do a considerable part of our work [as other night editors do] in the night.

At 3 A. M., of this December 17th, looking over our library, we come to a large volume labelled "Proceedings of the National Educational Association" at Chicago, July, 1887, and opening at a turned-down leaf find a letter read to the about twelve thousand teachers assembled there from all parts of our country, in which, after stating the objects of our Humane Societies and that our "Bands of Mercy" then numbered about five thousand seven hundred [they have now reached the number of nearly twenty-one thousand], we presented to the convention,

from a special fund placed in our hands by humane friends, one hundred and ten thousand copies of our humane publications, and the thought comes to us, if a single copy of one of these publications has resulted in sending out "Beautiful Joe" over our country and the world [as appears in another article], who can estimate the value of 110,000 copies sent out through the about 12,000 teachers of this the greatest educational convention ever held in America?

We are asked how we could use large sums of money if some millionaire should give them to us.

And we answer, It is just as easy to send our humane publications into every school in America—and for that matter into every home—as it is to send them, as we are now sending them, into every editorial office north of Mexico.

As we have printed in a single year over a hundred and seventeen millions of pages of humane literature [an amount probably far exceeding all printed in the same time by all other of our Humane Societies throughout the entire world] so it would be just as easy to print, with sufficient means, a hundred times a hundred millions, and send it all out to convert to humanity not only our country but the world.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

IN WRITING THE ABOVE ARTICLE.

In writing the above article we stumble upon another circular, showing that in addition to sending "Our Dumb Animals," through our Boston public schools, into almost every home in Boston, we at one time distributed gratuitously in these schools about 60,000 humane leaflets, and to Massachusetts teachers outside of Boston about 75,000 more, and from our "Missionary Fund," to schools outside the state about 77,000 more.

PEACE AND QUIETNESS.

The sorrowful tones of an ancient and unfortunate hand organ, opposite the residence of one of our citizens, led to his sending out a dime, with the request to move on. The organ-grinder replied that "he knew the value of peace and quietness, and couldn't move for less than a quarter."

This reminds us of another incident. Many years ago we were going from Chicago to Indianapolis with the Hon. David A. Wells. At Michigan City a woman with a small boy, in whose hands was a musical instrument, called, we believe, a harmonicon, took the vacant seat directly opposite us, and the boy commenced a musical performance which bid fair to last all the way to Indianapolis.

Mr. Wells was much annoyed.

We thought we saw a way out of it. So we cultivated the acquaintance of the young man and borrowed his instrument, and finding that it cost only five cents, to the great gratification of the boy, his mother, and all in the vicinity, succeeded in buying it for ten.

After getting out on the prairie, where no house was in sight, we quietly dropped it out of the window.

If we had found fault with the boy, everybody would have been disturbed, and he might have continued to blow it indefinitely; but with a few words of kindness and a little money the whole matter was settled to the entire satisfaction of everybody.

"THE STRENGTH OF OUR GOVERNMENT"

is the headline of an article in "Our Dumb Animals," setting forth the classes of persons it believes would rally in defense of the Government should an anarchistic attempt be made at its disruption. The enumeration of classes the writer accounts as loyal includes the great majority—largely so—of the people. It is hardly supposable that any journalist who has read Mr. Angell's writings has a doubt of

his faith in all he advocates. If his aspirations for good to everybody could be reduced to a materialization, there would be no longer cause or use for the poet Burns' pathetic cry of

"Man's inhumanity to man
Makes countless millions mourn."

Columbia Times, Cincinnati, Ohio.

AMERICA.

We are glad to know that a testimonial is soon to be given to the author of our sublime national hymn, which, adopting the English tune of "God Save the Queen," is now sung by the more than sixty millions of our own country and Canada.

When in 1869, at the festival of the great Congress of our Humane Societies of all nations at Zurich, Switzerland, this tune was played by the band, and we, in company with the English delegation, rose and stood while it was played, we astonished somewhat the Germans, who, in their turn, astonished us by telling us that it was also a national tune of Germany.

We well remember at a later time, at the English cathedral at Toronto, how we enjoyed joining with the great Cathedral Sunday-school in singing it.

May the time soon come, in the progress of humanity, when, in place of battle-songs like the Marseillaise, all nations shall adopt hymns like America, and sing, not God bless Kings or Queens or Emperors, but

God bless our native land,
God bless everybody.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

DIVINE PROVIDENCE.

Some people do not believe in interpositions of Divine Providence.

During our Civil War it became our duty, by authority of the Secretary of War, to occasionally visit Fort Warren, Boston Harbor, where a large number of political prisoners and all the officers captured by Grant at Forts Henry and Donaldson were confined.

On these occasions we always dined with Col. Dimmock, in command of the Fort, and heard a good many incidents of the War; how he was enabled to hold Fortress Munroe for the north—how, when the ironclad Merrimack had sunk the Cumberland and threatened to sink the whole fleet, and capturing Fortress Munroe, leave nothing to protect the cities of Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington—how, just at the critical moment, the little Monitor, expected by no one, crept up the bay in the night, when all northern hearts there were trembling, and in the morning went out, like David against Goliath, to destroy the monster and save the Union—these are only two of many incidents indicating the overruling hand of Divine Providence.

When we visited the south soon after the war, a confederate officer told us that the battle of Gettysburg, upon which such great results depended, was lost to the south only by the obstinacy of a balky mule, which gave just time for northern troops to occupy and plant their cannon on a position the southern soldiers would otherwise have obtained.

Those who have read our Autobiographical Sketches will remember various incidents in the early history of our two "Humane Societies" and "Bands of Mercy" which seemed distinctly providential.

Our good mother—than whom no living man ever had a better—was as sure as she was of her own existence that the almost miraculous saving of the village in which she resided from destruction by fire was through the direct interposition of Divine Providence in answer to prayer.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

Never forget that "one with God is a majority."

GREEK "BLACK BEAUTY."

We have copies to be given away at our offices, or to be sent by mail to all who care enough for them to remit us 25 cents, in postage stamps or otherwise.



Founders of American Band of Mercy.

GEO. T. ANGELL and REV. THOMAS TIMMINS.

Officers of Parent American Band of Mercy.

GEO. T. ANGELL, President; JOSEPH L. STEVENS, Secretary.

Over twenty thousand branches of the Parent American Band of Mercy have been formed, with probably over a million members.

PLEDGE.

"I will try to be kind to all harmless living creatures, and try to protect them from cruel usage."

Any Band of Mercy member who wishes can cross out the word *harmless* from his or her pledge. M. S. P. C. A. on our badges means "*Merciful Society Prevention of Cruelty to All.*"

We send *without cost*, to every person asking, a copy of "Band of Mercy" information and other publications.

Also *without cost*, to every person who writes that he or she has formed a "Band of Mercy" by obtaining the signatures of thirty adults or children or both—either signed or authorized to be signed—to the pledge, also the name chosen for the "band" and the name and post-office address [town and State] of the president.

1. Our monthly paper, "OUR DUMB ANIMALS," full of interesting stories and pictures, for one year.

2. Copy of Band of Mercy Songs.

3. Twelve Lessons on Kindness to Animals, containing many anecdotes.

4. Eight Humane Leaflets, containing pictures and one hundred selected stories and poems.

5. For the President, an imitation gold badge.

The head officers of Juvenile Temperance Associations, and teachers and Sunday school teachers, should be presidents of bands of mercy.

Nothing is required to be a member but to sign the pledge, or authorize it to be signed.

Any intelligent boy or girl fourteen years old can form a band with no cost, and receive what we offer, as before stated.

To those who wish badges, song and hymn books, cards of membership, and a membership book for each band, the prices are, for badges, gold or silver imitation, eight cents; ribbon, four cents; song and hymn books, with fifty-two songs and hymns, two cents; cards of membership, two cents; and membership book, eight cents. The "Twelve Lessons on Kindness to Animals" cost only two cents for the whole, bound together in one pamphlet. The Humane Leaflets cost twenty-five cents a hundred, or eight for five cents.

Everybody, old or young, who wants to do a kind act, to make the world happier or better, is invited to address, by letter or postal, GEO. T. ANGELL, Esq., President, 19 Milk Street, Boston, Mass., and receive full information.

Good Order of Exercises for Band of Mercy Meetings:

1—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn, and repeat the Pledge together. [See Melodies.]

2—Remarks by President, and reading of Report of last Meeting by Secretary.

3—Readings, Recitations, "Memory Gems," and Anecdotes of good and noble sayings and deeds done to both human and dumb creatures, with vocal and instrumental music.

4—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn.

5—A brief address. Members may then tell what they have done to make human and dumb creatures happier and better.

6—Enrollment of new members.

7—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn.

BEAUTIFUL JOE.

We are glad to present to our readers, in this our first paper of the new year, the kind, intelligent face of Miss Marshall Saunders, of Halifax, N. S., the author of "Beautiful Joe;" and we are delighted to learn that this—one of our \$200 prize stories—which Miss Saunders concluded to publish herself, instead of receiving the \$200 prize awarded her by our "American Education Society," is having an immense sale in this country and in Canada, and is likely to have an immense sale in England.

We have received this morning a letter from California expressing the hope that it may be translated into the various European languages, and adding: "It surely ought to have as large a circulation as 'Black Beauty.'"

It has been to us a source of infinite happiness to know that a single copy of the English book, "Black Beauty," sent us without comment by a New York friend a few years ago, has caused its translation into eight European and three Asiatic languages, and the sending out of probably more than two millions, as missionaries, to convert the world to humanity, and it is now a source of almost equal happiness to know that this American book, which was the result of reading a single copy of "Our Dumb Animals," bids fair to rival in usefulness the book that preceded it.

Nor is our store exhausted.

We have four more of these prize stories, two of which are already in the hands of different publishers, who are likely to give them perhaps as wide a circulation as "Beautiful Joe."

If we mistake not, the time is coming—and coming soon—when, among the great Peace societies of the world it will be recognized that our American Humane Education Society is not the least, and when our flag, with its inscriptions, "Glory to God," "Peace on Earth," "Kindness, Justice, and Mercy to every living creature," will be acknowledged to be the flag under which the good of all nations can unite to hasten the coming of the millennium for both animals and men.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

OUR \$200 PRIZE ESSAYS.

"The best plan of peacefully settling the difficulties between capital and labor."

"The best plan of preventing poverty and relieving the poor."

The wide interest taken in competing for the two prizes of \$100 each offered by us in behalf of our "American Humane Education Society" appears from the fact that we have received from various parts of our country ninety-five essays. It will take considerable time for the committee to determine which two of the ninety-five are entitled to the prizes.

We hope that much good may come from these essays to our country and the world.

The dog can't vote, but if he could he would vote for his friends regardless of party.



MISS SAUNDERS, AUTHOR OF "BEAUTIFUL JOE."

WE HAVE JUST BEEN READING.

We have just been reading in "The Life of General Grant" a description of the battle of Shiloh and Pittsburgh landing, where, during the long night that followed the battle, some thirty thousand northern and southern men, nominally Christians, and many horses, lay on the battlefield dead and dying—and we have also just been reading a kind letter from a clergyman, expressing a wish that we might be able to send our paper to every clergyman in America.

We wonder, if Christ should come again on earth, what He would think about these military organizations and football prize fights in our colleges and larger schools, and the plans being adopted in so many of our Christian churches of various denominations of enlisting their youth in military companies and arming them with rifles and other implements of war. And we wonder what He would say to the ten thousand Christian presidents and professors who are educating the youth in our colleges and higher schools, and the hundred thousand clergy of America.

We do most certainly wish we had the power to send this paper to all the teachers and clergy, as we now send it to the editors of all American publications north of Mexico, and then we also wish that the Author of all good would inspire us to present such pictures and write such words as should touch the hearts of this whole nation, and secure in every pulpit the preaching and in every school the teaching of "peace on earth and good will to every harmless living creature."

How we wish that every clergyman in America would preach every year at least one sermon on the divine promise, "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy," and that one of our Bands of Mercy should be formed in every day and Sunday school, to promote the objects of our American Humane Education Society—"Glory to God," "Peace on Earth," "Kindness, Justice, and Mercy to every harmless living creature."

GEO. T. ANGELL.

"Be ye therefore merciful, as your Father also is merciful."

OUR DUMB ANIMALS.

Boston, January, 1895.

ARTICLES for this paper may be sent to GEO. T. ANGELL, President, 19 Milk St.

Persons wishing a bound volume of this paper for a public library, reading-room, or the public room of a large hotel, can send us twenty-five cents in postage stamps and receive a volume containing eighteen papers.

BACK NUMBERS FOR DISTRIBUTION.

Persons wishing "Our Dumb Animals" for gratuitous distribution can send us five cents to pay postage, and receive ten copies, or ten cents and receive twenty copies.

TEACHERS AND CANVASSERS.

Teachers can have "Our Dumb Animals" one year for twenty-five cents.

Canvassers can have sample copies free, and retain one-half of every fifty-cent subscription.

Our "American Humane Education Society" sends this paper this month to the editors of about twenty thousand newspapers and magazines.

OUR AMBULANCE

Can be had at any hour of the day or night by calling Telephone 1652, Boston.

Horse owners are expected to pay reasonable charges.

In emergency cases of severe injury, where owners are unable to pay, the ambulance will be sent at the expense of the Society.

SUBSCRIPTIONS AND REMITTANCES.

We would respectfully ask all persons who send us subscriptions or remittances to examine our report of receipts, which is published in each number of our paper, and if they do not find the sums they have sent properly credited, kindly notify us.

If correspondents fail to get satisfactory answers please write again, and on the envelope put the word "Personal."

My correspondence is now so large that I can read only a small part of the letters received, and seldom long ones. GEO. T. ANGELL.

We are glad to publish this month one hundred and seventy-six new branches of our "Parent Band of Mercy," making a total of twenty thousand eight hundred and fifty-seven.

MARKED COPIES.

We respectfully ask brother editors who kindly send us their papers, to mark articles which they wish us to see. We never intend to miss a marked article, but having as we do sometimes over 100 papers and magazines in a single day, it is simply impossible to see everything they contain.

Humane League for the Protection of Horses.

"We, the undersigned, of the State of Mass., hereby pledge ourselves that we will never, except in case of absolute necessity, hire or ride on or behind any horse mutilated for life by docking, and we will, to the best of our ability, endeavor to discourage the continuance of this barbarous and cruel outrage to the horse."

Please write us by postal or letter, and we will send the pledge and a photograph of twenty-two men mounted on their mutilated horses.

To everyone in Massachusetts, old or young, who will send us one of these pledges signed by twenty-five persons, old or young, we will send, post-paid, a copy of one of our prize stories, "Black Beauty," "Hollyhurst," or "The Strike at Shane's," whichever may be preferred, and in cases where fifty signatures have been obtained, we will send two of the stories, post-paid, and in cases where seventy-five signatures have been obtained, we will send all three of the prize stories post-paid. The signatures may be of either adults or children, and to each signer who gives us full signature and post-office address will be sent a handsome certificate of membership of "The Humane League."

IMPORTANT TO DRIVERS, TEAMSTERS, AND ALL INTERESTED IN HORSES.

We have arranged for a series of meetings for addresses, discussions, instruction, and plans for the benefit of horses.

The meetings will be held in "Phoenix Hall," 724 Washington St., beginning Friday evening, Jan. 11th, at 8 P. M., and continuing on succeeding Friday evenings.

The President of the Coachmen's Benevolent Association, under whose auspices these meetings will be held, has kindly consented to preside. A large, free distribution of "Black Beauty" and other humane literature will be made each evening.

The hall seats about 400.

Hon. Daniel Needham, President of The New England Agricultural Society, will deliver the first address Jan. 11th, 8 P. M.

All coachmen, drivers, teamsters, and others interested in the care of horses, and Press reporters, are invited to be present.

SMALL HORSE BOOK.

We have been preparing and have now in press a "Small Horse Book" containing a vast deal of humane information in regard to the horse, for which we hope to have a wide circulation over our entire country.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

ANOTHER RASCAL.

We are glad to announce that we have just secured the conviction of another rascal who has been mutilating his horse for life. Fined \$100. This makes five convictions we have thus far obtained for this crime—more, we believe, than have been obtained elsewhere in this country. But then we obtained the first law against docking enacted in America.

Cases reported at our Boston Offices in November.

Whole number dealt with, 299; animals taken from work, 29; horses and other animals killed, 74.

BEAUTIFUL VOLUMES.

We are glad to say to our readers that we have about forty beautifully printed English copies of "Black Beauty," with many fine illustrations, which we can sell at \$1.75 per copy, or send by mail at \$2.00 per copy.

NEW MEXICO.

On this December 18th we receive from a prominent and influential lady in New Mexico, whom we have known by correspondence and otherwise, a most piteous appeal for help to obtain some laws for the prevention of cruelty to animals in New Mexico. No friend of dumb animals could read the letter without feeling its importance.

The legislature, which meets only once in two years, is soon to come together, and this good lady is willing to use every effort in her power to obtain some law for the protection of God's dumb creatures.

But she cannot afford to pay out of her own pocket all the expense. She asks that our American Humane Education Society shall help her by sending \$25, and we are glad to most cheerfully reply that though there are a thousand calls upon our limited fund from all parts of the country and elsewhere, yet we cannot refuse her request, and most cheerfully send the sum she specifies.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

OTTAWA, CANADA.

We are delighted to receive a kind letter from our good friend Robert Mark, M. D., of Ottawa, Canada, in which he reports the formation of "23 new Bands of Mercy" in the live town of Orillia, Ontario, with "one thousand and four" members; also a proposition to give "Our Dumb Animals" a wide circulation in Orillia.

AT SAN FRANCISCO.

Just before going to press we have had a most interesting call from Mrs. Maria Freeman Gray, of San Francisco, who has recently organized about sixty active working Bands of Mercy in the public schools of that city.

OUR MISSIONARY.

We are glad to receive this morning a letter from Frank M. Beard, Superintendent of Public Schools, of Hartford City, Ind., which, speaking of the work that Mr. C. S. Hubbard, our missionary, has been doing in that city, closes: "The seed which he is sowing all over this land will not all have ripened into rich fruitage until he has been a long time on the shores of eternity. May God bless the efforts of your Society!"

WINNIPEG, MANITOBA.

In a letter received from Winnipeg, thanking us for the humane literature we have sent them to aid in forming Bands of Mercy in all their schools, we are glad to find the following:

"When it comes to the helping of humanity to a higher life level, how quickly national lines disappear."

SALEM, OREGON.

Mr. E. Hofer, editor of "The Daily State Capital Journal" of Salem, Oregon, writes us that he has recently seen several ministers of the Gospel driving horses checked up very cruelly.

We reply that we send to all the clergy of our own state, Protestant and Roman Catholics, regularly every month this paper, and would advise all our Humane societies to do the same in regard to the clergy of their respective states.

MILWAUKEE.

Our good friend Mrs. Wm. H. Bradley sends us an interesting report of the Milwaukee [Wisconsin State] Society, at whose birth we had the happiness of being present.

But for the tremendous crowding of our columns, which compels us to shut out at least 49 out of 50 things that come to our table, we would say more.

ANOTHER BAND OF MERCY IN INDIA.

We are glad to receive, on December 8th, a letter from President Babu Charles Singh, informing us of the formation of a Band of Mercy in Chandbail, India, and enclosing the signatures of its members, written in the Hindu language.

ENGLAND.

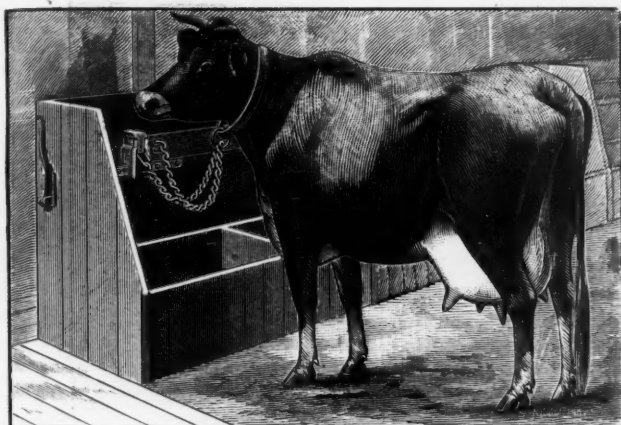
We are glad to receive from the son of the Rev. F. O. Morris, known for his humane writings throughout the civilized world, a request to furnish copies of our various humane literature to be used in preparing a series of reading-books for English schools.

MRS. F. W. VANDERBILT.

We are glad to acknowledge reception just before Thanksgiving of a large order for humane literature from Mrs. F. W. Vanderbilt, of New York, to be distributed at Newport, R. I.

THE D. L. MOODY PUBLICATION SOCIETY, CHICAGO.

We are glad to receive from this organization, which is formed to circulate at low prices good literature, an order for 5000 copies of "Black Beauty."



TO ESCAPE FROM BURNING BUILDINGS.



ESCAPE FROM BURNING BUILDINGS.

Through kind permission of Charles H. Hall, M. D., Veterinarian, we give our readers two cuts, showing what he claims to be the best invention ever found for releasing animals from burning buildings. *Ex-Vice-president* (now Governor) Morton, of New York, has two hundred and forty of them in his stables. For numerous testimonials from our Mass. State Agricultural College, and a multitude of others, write Dr. Charles H. Hall, 116 Charles Street, Boston, Mass.

DOES IT PAY TO SEND "OUR DUMB ANIMALS" FREE TO ALL THE CLERGY OF MASSACHUSETTS?

We answer, Yes.

We have been welcomed to the pulpits and ministerial meetings of nearly all Christian denominations in our own and some other states.

When our law, prohibiting the shooting of pigeons from traps for sport, was before our Legislature, we had the privilege of carrying to the committee the petition of some four hundred Massachusetts clergymen asking its enactment.

On crimes against animals and crimes against public health we have had many hearings before the Monday meetings, not only of our Massachusetts clergy, but also the clergy in Baltimore, Washington, Saratoga, Detroit, Chicago, Minneapolis, Florida, and elsewhere.

The kind letters we have received and are receiving from clergymen are too numerous to be counted. The last, lying before us at this writing, closes:

"You have spoken—by word of mouth, by pen, by generous gifts, by all your consecrated powers—for the dumb animals that cannot speak for themselves. May God preserve you for many years, and multiply your usefulness a thousandfold, is the prayer of your friend always."

WHY, IN YOUR FREE DISTRIBUTION OF "OUR DUMB ANIMALS," DO YOU SEND IT TO CERTAIN CLASSES OF CITIZENS AND NOT TO OTHERS?

Answer: We should be glad, if we could afford it, to send it into every home, not only of America, but of the whole civilized world.

We cannot afford this, and so must select the classes which seem most likely to be able to give us aid in extending our work, and so we send it to the editors of every newspaper and magazine in North America, north of Mexico, to all members of Congress, and a multitude of writers, speakers, Bands of Mercy, etc., etc., outside of Massachusetts; and in our own state, not only to all editors, but to all clergymen, Protestant and Roman Catholic, all lawyers, doctors, school superintendents, to libraries, post-

masters, bank presidents and cashiers, hundreds of police, hundreds of teamsters and drivers, hundreds of our country agents, writers, speakers, reporters, teachers, Bands of Mercy, members of our legislature, and a multitude of others; also to our "Humane Societies," "Bands of Mercy," and others in almost all countries of the whole civilized world.

Where do we get the money to do this? *Answer:* From the generous gifts of those who believe in and wish to aid our work.

If we had the means, nothing would satisfy us short of sending our paper every month, (1st) into every home in America, and (2nd) into every home in the civilized world.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

NEARLY 4000.

Our canvasser, Mr. Crafts, has obtained in the past few weeks nearly four thousand new subscriptions for "Our Dumb Animals," all from Boston business men and firms.

OUR DRINKING FOUNTAINS.

The Stebbins Fountain now being set up in Chelsea square has little drinking-bowls hollowed out of the granite set low down near the ground for thirsty dogs and cats, and nobody thinks it strange. Yet, fifty years ago, how strange it would have seemed to make special arrangements for the health and refreshment of dogs and cats!—"Transcript," Oct. 30, 1894.

To which we add that at the starting of our Mass. S. P. C. A. in 1888, there was not, to our knowledge, in all Boston a single public fountain or watering-trough where thirsty horses could get water. But soon after we succeeded in procuring the erection of twenty at the city's expense, to which others were soon added by Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Appleton and other generous and humane persons.

VIVISECTIONS AND DISSECTIONS.

Last winter we obtained from our Massachusetts Legislature the first law in America for the prevention of vivisections and dissections of cats and other animals in our public schools, and we offer a prize of \$25 for evidence to convict.

We ask all our nearly 500 agents and all readers to help us so far as they can.

I hereby offer, in behalf of The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, \$25 for evidence by which the Society shall convict of violating the recently-enacted law of Massachusetts against vivisections and dissections in our public schools.

GEO. T. ANGELL, President.

OUR PRIZE STORY PRICES.

"Black Beauty," old gold edition, 6 cents, or sent by mail 10 cents; cloth bound 25 cents, or sent by mail 30 cents. "Strike at Shane's," paper covers, 6 cents. "Hollyhurst," paper covers, 8 cents. "Four Months in New Hampshire," paper covers, 6 cents. "Mr. Angell's Autobiography," paper covers, 6 cents. Either one by mail, 10 cents. Each of these four cloth bound, 20 cents, or sent by mail, 25 cents.

Postage stamps as acceptable as any other remittance. Also "Beautiful Joe," at publishers' prices, 60 cents, or sent by mail 72 cents. They have no cheap edition.

"THE STRIKE AT SHANE'S" AND "HOLLYHURST."

Our last edition of "The Strike at Shane's" was 50,000.—Our last edition of "Hollyhurst" was 20,000.

"Four Months in New Hampshire," a sequel to the famous "Black Beauty," is a prize story written by Mrs. Ellen A. Barrows in the interests of our dumb animals. The story is admirable, and one which all humane persons will commend for its teachings. It is a notable addition to the literature of the Humane Education Society, and should find its way into every home.—Boston Courier, Nov. 4.

"Last year one hundred and two well-defined cases of lockjaw were reported to the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, London, with a certificate in each case from the attending veterinarian that the malady resulted from docking, and one single veterinarian stated that out of thirty-one cases of tetanus which he had been called to attend within a year, twenty-seven of these cases resulted from this same brutal custom."

\$50 PRIZE.

We offer, in behalf of The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, \$50 for evidence to convict anyone in Massachusetts of a violation of law by causing a horse to be mutilated for life by docking.

GEO. T. ANGELL, President.

We go to the grave of a friend saying: A man is dead; but angels throng about him saying: A man is born.—Henry Ward Beecher.

HYPNOTISM.

President Immanuel Pfeiffer, of the American College of Psychical Science, writes us that any intelligent operator can relieve any intelligent animal from pain or suffering by hypnotism.

TUBERCULOSIS.

We see in the morning papers of December 15th that out of fifty-four cattle killed and examined by the Cattle Commissioners at Ward's Wharf, Boston, and taken from two of the largest and choicest herds of the state, fifty-three had tuberculosis. This is getting to be a very serious matter to all persons who use milk, butter, cheese, or beef; and if these diseased animals, like old horses, are rendered into food for poultry it is difficult to estimate how far these tuberculosis germs may extend.

We do sincerely hope that it will lead to a kinder treatment of cattle, under which they shall no longer be tied up in stables for months at a time and fed on food which will increase their flow of milk for about three years and render them thereafter of no use except to the butcher.

We well remember in New Orleans, in the winter of '84-'85, a call we received one evening from Col. Dennett, the aged agricultural editor of the *New Orleans Picayune*, and how he said to us: "Mr. Angell, I believe the curse of God rests on the State of Louisiana to day for the cruelty inflicted here on dumb animals."

Is it not possible that the curse of God is coming upon some of our northern states for the cruelty we have been inflicting upon God's cattle?

"The cattle on a thousand hills are His."

NEW ORLEANS.

What we have said in the above article about New Orleans suggests to us that one of the first gentlemen to call upon us in that city—a native-born Southerner, and pastor of one of its largest and most influential churches—after passing the evening with us and bidding us good by, came back to add: "I think it a duty before I leave to say to you, Mr. Angell, that it is no crime to kill a man in New Orleans; and if you see anything in our streets in regard to the treatment of animals which you do not like I would not interfere."

Soon after, one of the most influential ladies of the city called upon us and told us that a little while before her son, seeing a man terribly abusing a mule, attempted to remonstrate. The man at once drew a bowie knife and her son only escaped by running.

Possibly the International Exhibition in New Orleans of the winter we were there might have somewhat changed things, because, although we succeeded in exposing in the newspapers a great swindle being practised on the travelling public by one of the excursion steamers, and also succeeded in preventing a series of bull fights for which the grounds had been prepared, the buildings erected, and the bulls and bull fighters imported from Mexico, still we walked the streets in safety, with no one apparently to molest or make afraid, and as during the winter we had the great pleasure of seeing many "Bands of Mercy" formed in the schools, and the Louisiana Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals inaugurated in the parlors of the old St. Charles hotel, we trust that no Southerner will ever again be able to say "It is no crime to kill a man in New Orleans."

THANKFUL.

"I don't see what makes people go to football games on Thanksgiving Day," remarked his wife. "It hasn't anything to do with the spirit of the occasion."

"Oh, yes, it has," was the reply. "I never went to a football game in my life that I didn't feel tremendously thankful that I wasn't one of the players."

The above goes very well with the experience of the little girl, who locked up the dog in a dark closet while the family were at church Thanksgiving day, so that he might be thankful when they came home and let him out.

More flesh can be whipped off a horse in one day than can be fed on in a week.

TWO GOOD MEN DISAGREE.

The retirement of Gen. Howard from command of our regular army reminds us of a little incident. After our civil war we had a strong desire to investigate the condition of the colored race at the South, and particularly the colored schools, and so, taking with various letters to Southern merchants and others, an order from Gen. Howard to all agents of the Freedman's Bureau to furnish us every facility, we started. Gen. Howard's order gave us a most friendly reception at every point, until one day we dropped down at Hampton, Va., and met a very cool reception from Gen. Armstrong. We were puzzled to understand it until, after an hour or so, the general, finding us evidently innocent of any hostile intention, said that he had been having some difficulty with neighboring planters, and had received from Gen. Howard this letter: "If you cannot get along with the people down there without quarreling I will send down a man who can." Gen. Howard did not then know Gen. Armstrong so well as he did afterwards, and fortunately for the colored race Gen. Armstrong was not superseded, but remained at Hampton up to the close of his noble and useful life.

This incident reminds us of another. Before sailing for Europe in 1869 we took a letter from Dr. Shurtleff, then mayor of Boston, under the great seal of the city, to all mayors of foreign cities; another from Gov. Claflin, under the great seal of the State of Massachusetts, to all foreign officials, and another from Hamilton Fish, then Secretary of State at Washington, to all foreign consuls. Immediately on our landing at Queenstown the Irish police, to be sure that we should not become dangerous to Her Majesty's government, took from our trunk a small pistol, about three inches long, which we could carry in our vest pocket, and which we intended to use in obtaining echoes among the hills and mountains.

After dinner we called a carriage and drove to the American consul's, stated our case, and told him we had a letter for him from Hon. Hamilton Fish, which we presented.

"Yes," said he, "I have been serving faithfully in my position here throughout our whole civil war, and supposed I had almost a life tenure; but by the same steamer which brought you came another letter from Hon. Hamilton Fish, telling me that my services are no longer wanted as consul at this port, and that the editor of a small political paper in Maine has been appointed to succeed me."

He had a charmingly located little house, a delightful family, and we felt almost as badly about it as he did. He kindly assured the Irish police that Her Majesty's government was not in danger, and obtained and returned the little pistol.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

AUGUSTA, MAINE, FIGHTING SPIRIT.

We are pleased to find, in letter from the Supt. of Public Schools of Augusta, the following: "We are finding that 'Black Beauty,' 'Hollyhust,' and 'The Strike at Shame's' are having a good effect in diminishing the fighting spirit among our boys."

We most earnestly wish that some way could be found to diminish the fighting spirit now prevailing so widely in our colleges and universities, and in so many of our so-called Christian churches.

IN CHURCH.

I don't want to make you uncomfortable, girls; but is it possible that it was one of you who had a bird's wing in your hat?

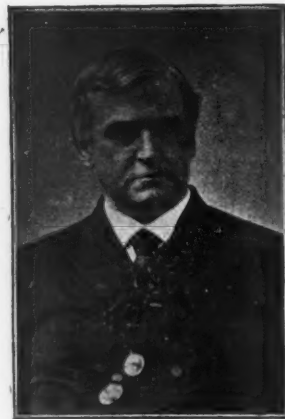
Just in front of my pew sits a maiden—

A little brown wing on her hat,
With its touches of tropical azure,
And sheen of the sun upon that.
Through the bloom-colored pane shines a glory
By which the vast shadows are stirred,
But I pine for the spirit and splendor
That painted the wing of the bird.

The organ rolls down its great anthem;
With the soul of a song it is blent;
But for me, I am sick for the singing
Of one little song that is spent.
The voice of the curate is gentle:
"No sparrow shall fall to the ground;"
But the poor broken wing on the bonnet
Is mocking the merciful sound.

Our Sunday Afternoon.

"Be merciful, as your Father is merciful."—Luke 6: 36.



PHILLIPS BROOKS.

THE BISHOP AND THE BABY.

A poor little pale-faced baby,
Lost and hungry and cold,
With the chill wind pinching her tear-wet cheeks
And ruffling her bright hair's gold.

For just when the busy people
Were hurrying here and yon,
Buying their gifts for the Christmas tree,
Her mother was suddenly gone.

She did not cry, poor midget,
But lifted pitiful eyes
At the crowds of careless strangers,
At the gray indifferent skies.

Jostled and pushed and frightened,
A tiny wail of the street,
With the wintry darkness falling,
And the snow-flakes gathering fleet.

She was seen by a great kind giant:
With swinging stride he came.
Even then the angels in heaven
Wrote Saint before his name.

From the height of his splendid stature
He stooped to the little maid,
Lifted her up in tender arms,
And bade her not be afraid.

Against his broad breast nestled,
She clung like a soft spring flower
That a breeze had caught and carried
To a strong and sheltering tower.

In his thick warm cloak he wrapped her,
The little shivering child.
"I'll find your mother, baby,"
The bishop said, and smiled.

That smile, like a flash of the sunrise—
'Tis but a memory dim,
For the years are hastening onward,
And we are mourning him.

The cold white snows are drifting
Where to-day he lies asleep.
After his life's long warfare
The soldier's rest is deep.

But of dear things said about him,
Of victories that he won,
No sweeter tale is told than this
Of his grace to a little one.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER, in *Harper's Bazar*.



TRINITY CHURCH, BOSTON.

MASTER FRANKLIN LINDLEY COUCH, OF DALTON, MASS.

It gives us great pleasure to present to our readers in the above picture the happy face of the above-named young gentleman, who is a member of both our Humane Societies, together with the pictures of two of his good friends. The young gentleman sends us on this December 18th twenty-five dollars (\$25) as a Christmas present to our Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

THE PLAYMATES.

BY H. E. DOE.

I shall always see, through the coming years,
Untarnished by time and undimmed by fog,
A picture on memory's wall, I ween,
Of a bright-faced boy and a great black dog.
I shall see them playing their games of "Catch,"
'Neath the orchard trees; yes, over and over
I shall hear the tones of that childish voice,
As it calls in glee, "Come, Rover, Rover."
I shall see the gleam of the boy's bright hair,
All mingled with curls of glossiest jet,
As the tired head rests with childish grace
On the arching neck of his faithful pet.
I shall see the face so winsome and sweet;
I shall hear the voice so merry and glad,
That said to me, "Hattie, I love him the best
Of anything I ever had."

HOW DID HE GET BACK FROM RUSSIA?

Many years ago Captain Thomas B. Curtis of Boston sailed his own ship to Sumatra, taking a cargo to exchange for pepper. He took with him his dog Keeper. This dog was a powerful animal and a great favorite with the crew. He was very useful in keeping off the Malays, who swim like fishes, and would swarm up the sides of the ship to get on deck and steal; but Keeper would not allow one to come on board, except when permitted by the captain. The Malays were very much afraid of Keeper. The captain then, with a cargo of pepper, sailed for Cronstadt, in Russia. There the pepper was exchanged for hemp, duck and iron for Boston. But when the ship was ready to sail Keeper was not on board, and in the bustle of departure his absence was not perceived until they were out at sea. It was too late to turn back, and the crew, officers and captain all mourned the loss of their favorite. And when Captain Curtis reached home there was as much sorrow for Keeper on shore as at sea. Some weeks passed, and Mrs. Curtis was sitting in her parlor alone one evening, when she heard a commotion in the hall. She opened the parlor door and looked out. The maid-servant was struggling to keep out a big dog.

"Oh! Mrs. Curtis," she cried. "This dog will come in, and I can't keep him out."

As soon as Mrs. Curtis appeared the dog ran to her, stood on his hind legs, placed his paws on her shoulder and began caressing her face with his big tongue.

"Why!" said she. "It is Keeper."

When the dog heard her pronounce his name his joy knew no bounds. He rushed madly around, only stopping now and then to hug and kiss his mistress. He was so lean that she at first hardly knew him. He was quickly fed and made comfortable.

But how did he get home? Probably, finding the ship gone, he had watched for a Boston vessel and taken passage on her, perhaps as a stowaway, with no one to feed him, and heaven only knows how he lived on the long and dreary voyage, without a friend on board. He could



Engraver & Printer Company.

MASTER FRANKLIN LINDLEY COUCH, OF DALTON, MASS.

not tell his story, and so we could only guess it. This is a true story, well known to Keeper's Boston friends.

SARAH FREEMAN CLARKE,
Marietta, Ga.

FROM MRS. MARY F. LOVELL, SUPERINTENDENT OF THE DEPARTMENT OF MERCY OF THE NATIONAL WOMAN'S CHRISTIAN TEMPERANCE UNION.

DEAR MR. ANGELL:

The story of the minister's dog, in the December number of "Our Dumb Animals," interested me greatly, because we have a cat who shows what we are inclined to regard as a feeling of piety. He attends morning prayers in our parlor with unvarying regularity, and his conduct is exemplary. His constancy is remarkable, as he has never been invited.

While the Scripture is being read he crawls into my sister's lap, and immediately appears to go fast asleep, as decorously as any good deacon ever did in a country church during the reading of Scripture or the preaching of the sermon. It is an ostentatious sort of sleep, as it is assumed, and says, as plainly as possible, "I am now settled permanently, and you must not disturb me;" but when the chapter is finished and the prayers begin, and he is set down, his behavior, though exhibiting signs of disappointment, is still decorous. My sister says that, if there is a heaven for animals (which we are inclined to believe), Nip will certainly go there.

A GOOD LETTER.

DEAR MR. ANGELL:

Enclosed please find my annual hundred-dollar subscription to the American Humane Education Society. I well know how very many uses you have for it, but I should be pleased to have half of it expended in distributing some foreign translation of "Black Beauty," and the remainder in its distribution among the "cow boys," who (judging by the statements made concerning them) so brutally break and treat their horses.

Recently, at my country home, requiring a saddle-horse, a broncho was sent me from a neighboring stable.

As is my custom, I approached the animal quietly, to make friends with him, extending him a dainty. But he was like a wooden horse—a mere machine, hardened by long ill-usage, to which he had evidently been accustomed; and truly, it was sad to see him!

How different from my own horse, who expects, whenever I visit him, some longed-for attention, for which, in his own peculiar silent language, he expresses deep appreciation. We call this strange race of beings dumb—forgetting that they are gifted with that rarer sense of intuition which sometimes we prize so highly when met with in human friends.

A gentleman who has owned many horses tells me that very vicious horses, on coming into his possession, in a few hours lose their acquired ugliness on discerning his kind sympathy.

Would that "Black Beauty" could be scattered through all lands! For the universal criticism

seems to be that the "fellow feeling" which pervades this story makes the reader wondrous kind. The verdict of so many to whom I have given the work has been, "It makes all horses seem to me like human beings."

KIND CHRISTMAS REMEMBRANCE.

One of our best friends sends us on December 16th twelve dollars (\$12) to help our work, and a letter closing with this: "God keep you for them and those who love them."

Another friend from Worcester sends us by the same mail twenty dollars (\$20) as another Christmas present to our Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS FROM TWO PHILADELPHIA FRIENDS.

At this joyous season, when we are so busy giving and receiving, should we forget the so-called "Dumb Creations?" or does it not become us to remember them when we recall the best gift sent to us—even Jesus whose advent to this world was made among them? Let me therefore ask you to accept the accompanying check [fifty dollars] from my sister and myself, with the "compliments of the season," and the earnest prayer that God may abundantly bless you and spare your life many years to carry on your good work.

Yours respectfully,
ANNIE L. LOWRY.

ANOTHER CHRISTMAS PRESENT.

Just before going to press we received another kind letter and a Christmas present of one hundred dollars to our M. S. P. C. A. from Mrs. C. C. Corbin, of Webster, Mass.

FROM MR. W. B. BARTON, OF THE NORFOLK, VA., S. P. C. A.

MY DEAR MR. ANGELL:

The copies of your December "Our Dumb Animals" are to hand, filled to the brim with interesting matter and lots of moral pluck, which as a rule is so much lacking among the promoters of benevolent enterprises. Speed the grand cause, my dear friend, in the same fearless spirit, a little longer, and you will find an army of lads and lasses grown up under your influence, to take your place when your name shall have been called upon the roll of time.

FROM J. L. DOUTHIT, EDITOR OF "OUR BEST WORDS," SHELBYVILLE, ILL.

MY DEAR MR. ANGELL:

"Our Dumb Animals" for December came this morning. My wife has just remarked: "I have had to read every word of 'Our Dumb Animals' before rising from my seat. It is just splendid; every bit gold." And she is an excellent judge. We shall strive to put a copy in every school in Shelby County before a year goes by.

GENERAL HARRISON.

We see in our morning paper of Dec. 17th that General Harrison does not wish to be again a candidate for President of the United States.

We really cannot see why any *honest* man of *average intelligence* should ever want that office, except—as the martyr goes to the stake.

But if he wanted it we would not vote for him.

If, as we suggested in a past number of this paper, he had been content to find his amusement in the words of the old song,

"If I were the President of these United States,
I'd eat molasses candy and swing on the gates;"

or even by occasionally throwing a stone into a frog pond, *not to hit the bull frogs*, we might have forgiven him. But when he, a *professed Christian*, knowing that "*not one sparrow is forgotten before God*," chooses to leave his presidential duties and set an example of cruelty to the *million children* gathered in our "*Bands of Mercy*," and the other millions we are trying to gather, by spending days at a time shooting harmless birds, *simply for the pleasure of wounding and killing them*, we say—and say emphatically—we want no such man as President of the United States.

We prefer a man of the stamp of *Abraham Lincoln*, who, as we have said before, would as soon have cut off his right hand as engaged in such cruel sport. GEO. T. ANGELL.

DOCKING.

"The operation is *needless, painful and cruel*, causing the animal much suffering, and depriving it of its only means of defence against flies and insects. In my opinion no language too strong can be employed condemning this cruel operation."—Dr. Samuel K. Johnson, Chief Surgeon New York Veterinary Hospital.

GOOD FOR PAT.

A gentleman riding with an Irishman came within sight of an old gallows, and to display his wit said:
"Pat, do you see that?"
"To be sure Oi do," replied Pat.
"And where would you be to-day if the gallows had its due?"
"Oi'd be riding alone," replied Pat.

THE MOTTOES OF "OUR AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY."

In our great Boston Dudley School our mottoes have been set to music, and are chanted every morning by the pupils: *Glory to God, Peace on earth, Kindness, Justice, and Mercy to every living creature.*

"DUMB ANIMALS' FRIEND,"
SOUTH BEND, IND.

Number 2 of Volume I of the above paper comes to us. We trust it may prove a kind friend to animals, and if it does we shall wish its publisher great success.

DISAGREEABLE LETTERS.

Among the many good letters you receive, Mr. Angell, do you not sometimes get disagreeable ones?

Answer: Our good friend Vice-president Hill, who reads all our letters and answers most of them, tells us that once in a great while—perhaps one letter in ten thousand may contain something disagreeable; but as he takes good care never to trouble us with such letters we are left in blissful ignorance of their ever having been written.

If you caress your horse it will make it happy.

WILD ANIMALS IN CAPTIVITY.

We acknowledge reception of "*Wild Animals in Captivity*," a splendidly printed book of 340 pages, with sixteen handsome illustrations, a valuable addition to natural history, by Macmillan & Co., 66 Fifth Ave., N. Y.; or Estes & Lauriat, Boston. Price \$3.50.

Rev. Mr. B., observing on a warm Sunday that several of his congregation were asleep, stopped in the middle of his sermon and said: "I saw an advertisement the other day for *five hundred sleepers* for a railroad. I think I can supply part of them." The sleepers waked up.

The above will do to go with the story of another clergyman, who on a similar occasion stopped and told his hearers that when he was out west he saw mosquitoes that would sit on the logs and bark. When called to account by the deacons, after service, he declared that his statement was literally true.

UNSOPHISTICATED.

She was bashful, self-conscious, but rosy,
This fresh little bud from the fields;
She'd blush like the heart of a posy
When to the soft zephyr it yields.
And not being well up in grammar,
She'd often say "came" 'stead of "come."
And she'd pick at her apron and stammer,
And "at home," with this maid, was "at hum."

And the questions she'd ask you were funny,
On matters irrelevant quite;
But her smile was so open and sunny,
To answer them all was delight.
And she'd tell you, with naive little touches
Of frankness confiding as sweet,
Of things the most personal—such as
Her age, and the size of her feet.

And of quizzing she'd never suspect you,
Though amused at her sallies you were;
And her laughter uncurbed would infect you,
As well as her "bonhomie" rare.
As for slang—let us draw here the curtain,
And country slang, mind you, at that;
And, heavens! the town belles, I'm certain,
'Most swooned at the style of her hat.

Yet still this sweet maiden bucolic
Had virtue enough in her way;
Though rather too ready to frolic,
She kept mooning duduets at bay.
In fact she had just enough "gumption,"
Or call it good sense, if you please,
While blandly ignoring presumption,
With a look the "presumer" to freeze.

And then she could get up such dishes,
And "fixin's an' things," that you'd own
That never such cooking delicious
To tickle your palate you'd know.
Besides, she made all her own dresses,
As well as her sisters', they say;
And neatly she groomed her brown tresses,
Though not in conventional way.

So while all the girls in the city,
Where she'd "come for to visit a spell,"
Tried each to be brilliant and witty,
And laughed at her frequent "Do tell,"
She kept her own gait most demurely,
Nor noticed their quizzing and chaff,
And, all quite unconscious, was surely
On them neatly turning the laugh.

For soon it appeared that this posy,
So verdant and fresh from the fields;
So blushing, confiding and rosy,
With arts that true innocence wields,
Had captured nobility's scion,
The hope of the citified belle,
Who said, as she sighed for her lion,
"Well, there! Did you ever! Do tell!"

EMILE PICKHARDT, in *Detroit Free Press*.

When Sidney Smith was rector of a parish in Yorkshire he found his vestry discussing the propriety of paving the approach to the church with wooden blocks. Having decided to undertake it, the question arose as to how. "Gentlemen," said the witty rector, "I think, if you will all put your heads together, as the saying is, the thing can be easily accomplished."

A SONG OF PEACE.

Put off, put off your mail, ye kings, and beat your brands to dust;
A surer grasp your hands must know, your hearts a better trust.

Nay, bend aback the lance's point, and break the helmet bar,
A noise is in the morning winds, but not the note of war!

Among the grassy mountain paths the glittering troops increase;
They come! they come! how fair their feet—they come that publish peace,
Yea, Victory, fair Victory, our enemies are ours,
And all the clouds are clasped in light, and all the earth with flowers.

Ah! still depressed and dim with dew, but wait a little while,
And radiant with the deathless rose the wilderness shall smile,
And every tender, living thing shall feed by streams of rest,
Nor lamb shall from the fold be lost, nor nursing from the nest.

JOHN RUSKIN.

WHAT WAS HIS CREED?

He left a load of anthracite
In front of a poor woman's door,
When the deep snow, frozen and white,
Wrapped street and square, mountain and moor.

That was his deed;
He did it well;
"What was his creed?"
I cannot tell.

Blessed "in his basket and in his store,"
In sitting down and rising up;
When more he got he gave the more,
Withholding not the crust and cup.
He took the lead
In each good task.
"What was his creed?"
I did not ask.

His charity was like the snow—
Soft, light and silent in its fall!
Not like the noisy winds that blow
From shivering trees the leaves; a pall
For flowers and weed,
Drooping below.
"What was his creed?"
The poor may know.

He had great faith in loaves of bread
For hungry people, young and old,
And hope inspired, kind words he said
To those he sheltered from the cold.
For we must feed
As well as pray.
"What was his creed?"
I cannot say.

In words he did not put his trust;
His faith in words he never writ;
He loved to share his cup and crust
With all mankind who needed it.
In time of need
A friend was he.
"What was his creed?"
He told not me.

He put his trust in Heaven, and he
Worked well with hand and head;
And what he gave in charity
Sweetened his sleep and daily bread.
Let us take heed,
For life is brief.
"What was his creed?"
"What his belief?"

SPELLING KITTEN.

A dear little girl,
With her brain in a whirl,
Was asked the word "kitten" to spell.
"K-double l-t—
T-e-n," said she;
And thought she had done very well.
"Has kitten two l's?"
And the teacher's surprise
With mirth and patience was blent.
"My kitten has two,"
Said Marjory Lou;
And she looked as she felt—quite content.
Ladies' Companion.



GOING TO WISH GRANDMA A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

"A CHILD'S VICTORY."

FROM A BOSTON EDITOR.

Seeing the above headline in "Our Dumb Animals" for December reminded me that about the year 1855 I left Rhode Island and went to the farm of Samuel Bicknell, Bloomfield, Maine, for a short visit. After my visit had ended Mr. B. had promised to drive me to the depot on my return, and long before it was train time the "man" was sent to the pasture to get the horse; but all his efforts were unavailing, and he had to give it up. Mr. B. went to show the man how easily he could get the horse; but he also returned without him. He was somewhat out of humor, and called to his little daughter, about seven years old, saying: "Abbie, go and get me the horse." The little girl ran down the lane to the pasture, dropped the bars down, and called the horse. He immediately answered her call, and hung down his head. She took him by the top-knot, and led him up to the barn as easily as though it had been a pet lamb.

Dear Mr. Angell: This is for use or the waste basket, as is best. The world listens to your fearless expression for the humane treatment of man and beast.

Respectfully, JOS. M. WADE.

AARON PEPPER'S HORSE.

A friend sends us the following:

On the bank of the Mohawk river, midway between Amsterdam and Tribes Hill, New York, is the farm of Aaron Pepper. The proprietor is the possessor of several horses, and among them is one that is totally blind. They frequently resort to the islands in the river for pasturage by fording the stream at a point near the dwelling, the blind mare usually following. During the occurrence of a severe freshet the horses attempted to return, while Mr. Pepper, anxious as to the result, stood watching them from the north shore. Two horses and colts had entered the stream; then their blind companion followed. In a few minutes all were struggling against the rapid current, and failing to make any headway, the leaders sought the large island, while the blind beast became separated from them and drifted a considerable distance below, until she gained a foothold. Then, discovering the loss of her mates, and realizing her helpless condition, she gave a plaintive whinny. What was the result? One of the animals re-entered the stream, and swimming to its unfortunate companion, touched it with the nose and directed it to the island retreat, which both reached in safety.

The Emperor Francis I of Austria was once present while two of his sons were quarrelling. At last one of them said, "You are the greatest ass in Vienna." "Hush!" said the Emperor, "you forget I am here."

Mrs. S.—"Why, Bridget, you have been eating onions!"
Bridget—"Shure, mum, you're a mind reader."

A TRUE CAT STORY.

A Wakefield family who reside in Magnolia during the summer, when they removed to Magnolia last June, took with them their pet cat, but pussie did not like the roar and dash of old ocean, but sighed for her home by the placid waters of "Lake Quannapowitt." She disappeared, and was not seen again all summer. The family returned to their Wakefield home about the middle of September. They had been at home about two weeks, when one morning the daughter of the house was in the basement and heard a cat mew, and lo, at the window was her darling pet cat that she had long mourned as dead! It could not be; where did she come from? It must be a strange cat closely resembling "Peanuts" (so called because of her fondness for the article).

"Well," said the mother, "there is one sure test. 'Don,' the house dog, will know his old playmate." Don was called and the recognition was mutual; they both seemed delighted to meet again. It was evident the cat had travelled all the way from Magnolia to Wakefield, through the woods of Magnolia, Manchester, Beverly, over Beverly Bridge, Salem streets, Peabody, Lynnfield, found Wakefield—how did he know it to be Wakefield?—and hid up at her old home near the lake. I never saw a creature so delighted to find her young mistress and the other members of the family. What guided her over so many miles? Was it animal instinct?

A FOUR-LEGGED GENIUS.

A Rhode Island dog was in the habit of frequently jumping over the gate of a common picket fence. One day he appeared with a long bone in his mouth. He made several attempts to leap over the gate, but failed every time. He stopped a moment, and was evidently debating another plan. He placed the bone beside the gate, jumped easily over it, and then put his paw under the gate and pulled the bone through. He then wagged his tail complacently over the result of his experiment.

The dog never fails to let a person know that he is glad to see him. Some good men are so peculiar that they don't do this.



THE LITTLE RABBIT SELLER.

THE LITTLE RABBIT-SELLER.

We are kindly permitted to take the above beautiful cut from "Child Life in Art," written by Estelle M. Hurll, M. A., formerly a teacher in Wellesley College, published by the Joseph Knight Company, Boston, and printed at the University Press. It is a beautifully printed and bound volume, containing 25 illustrations from celebrated paintings by Raphael, Titian, Van Dyck, Velasquez, Reynolds, and other artists.

A HORSE'S ELEVEN REQUESTS.

1. Don't pound or beat me.
2. Cover me when I am too warm or cold.
3. Don't stand me in a draft.
4. Don't overload me.
5. Don't compel me to work when I'm sick.
6. Don't cut my feet too much when I'm shod.
7. Don't over-drive and under-feed me.
8. Remember that I have feelings.
9. Don't water me, when I have been driven a long distance, until I am cool.
10. Talk to me kindly.
11. Treat me as you would like to be treated if you were a horse.

The following, cut from the "American Glover" is sent us by a New York friend:

Will someone kindly tell us that the statement is not true?

KID GLOVES.

It is not generally known that to make the kid gloves so very fine and pliant it is necessary to skin the kids before killing them. Old hands at the trade say that even if the skin is taken off immediately after death it never obtains the softness which the best of gloves have. The kids, however, are spared as much pain as possible during the operation, being first stupefied with an opiate. — American Glover.

WHAT IS THE OBJECT OF
THE BANDS OF MERCY?

I answer: To teach and lead every

child and older person to seize
every opportunity to say a kind
word or do a kind act that willmake some other human being or
some dumb creature happier.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

New Bands of Mercy.

Warsaw, Ind. Centre Building.	20719 Plankinton, S. D. Plankinton Band. P., Martha I. Turney.	20752 Mayflower Band. P., Miss McBain.	20790 Star Band. P., Mrs. Morrison.	20828 Snowball Band. P., Kate Stallsmith.
20682 Whittier Band. P., B. C. Hubbard.	20720 Cambridgeport, Mass. Wellington Band. P., John Collins.	20753 Daisy Band. P., Miss Kinney.	20791 Hope Band. P., Mrs. Cowling.	20829 Little Helpers Band. P., Clara Heminger.
20683 Goldsmith Band. P., F. E. Kinsey.	20721 Providence, R. I. Honor Band. P., Miss I. A. Truman.	20754 Rose Band. P., Miss Jordan.	20792 Busy Bee Band. P., Mrs. Renssenhouse.	20830 Cranston, R. I. Harriet Beecher Stowe Band. P., Bertha M. Wood.
20684 Lily Band. P., Miss Biggs.	20722 Beacon Band. P., Miss A. F. Butler.	20755 Busy Bee Band. P., Miss Robertson.	20793 Rosebud Band. P., Mrs. Shriver.	20831 Westfield, Ind. Westfield Band. P., Laura B. Burgess.
20685 Rose Band. P., Mrs. McAlpine.	20723 Little Helper's Band. P., Miss M. E. Arnold.	20756 Violet Band. P., Miss Smith.	20794 Excelsior Band. P., J. G. Flowman.	20832 Westboro, Mass. Westboro Band. P., Miss Louise E. Forbes.
20686 Tulip Band. P., Miss Sweeney.	20724 Golden Rule Band. P., Miss S. F. Randall.	20757 Tulip Band. P., Miss Montgomery.	20795 Golden Rule Band. P., Clara Hyde.	20833 Westboro Band No. 2. P., Maude A. Gilmore.
20687 Violet Band. P., Miss Parks.	20725 Little Pilgrim's Band. P., Miss E. P. Brown.	20758 Golden Rule Band. P., F. K. Baur.	20796 I'll Try Band. P., Laura Reed.	20834 Oakland, Ind. Oakland Band. P., Jessie Hooker.
20688 Mayflower Band. P., Miss Everhard.	20726 Frederickton, N. B. Loyal and True Band. P., Miss Jennie Aherley.	20759 Geo. T. Angell Band. P., Geo. F. Mosher.	20797 Willing Workers Band. P., Agatha Sweet.	20835 Kingman, Arizona. F. B. Powell Band. P., Annie P. Scott.
20689 Daisy Band. P., Miss Marns.	20727 Bloomington, Ill. Golden Rule Band. P., Mrs. E. L. Bare.	20760 Longfellow Band. P., Kingsbury Bacheider.	20798 Hope Band. P., Lulu Stevenson.	20836 Los Angeles, Cal. Los Angeles Band No. 1. P., Mercy Pearson.
20690 Pansy Band. P., Mrs. Harnan.	20728 Los Angeles, Cal. Pacific Humane Society. P., Luther Doble.	20761 Goldsmith Band. P., Wm. F. Tibbetts.	20799 Star Band. P., Alice Brown.	20837 Los Angeles Band No. 2. P., Mrs. L. S. Blanchard.
20691 West Building. I'll Try Band. P., I. W. Sharp.	20729 Denison, Minn. Denison Band. P., Hattie Cramp.	20762 Auduban Band. P., Charles H. Gurney.	20800 Golden Rule Band. P., W. D. Hill.	20838 Los Angeles Band No. 3. P., Miss Martha Fowler.
20692 Busy Workers Band. P., Miss Watkins.	20730 So. Quincy, Mass. Lincoln Band. P., Arthur Nelson.	20763 Thoreau Band. P., Duncan M. Martin.	20801 Lily Band. P., Miss Gibson.	20839 St. Paul, Minn. Star Band. P., Marie McKee.
20693 Wide Awake Band. P., Miss Lochr.	20731 Carmel, Ind. American Band. P., M. L. Haines.	20764 Lincoln Band. P., Wm. H. Munson.	20802 Violet Band. P., Miss Van Ness.	20840 Anoka, Minn. Atoha Band. P., Edith King.
20694 Helping Hand Band. P., Miss Stuart.	20732 Zionsville, Ind. District School Band. P., C. Hoffman.	20765 Lily Band. P., Harriet A. Deering.	20803 Rose Band. P., Miss Martin.	20841 Groton, Mass. Groton Band. P., Chrissa Coburn.
20695 Sunshine Band. P., Miss Smith.	20733 Carmel, Ind. Carmel Band. P., Cora Dixon.	20766 Violet Band. P., Mrs. F. S. Mosher.	20804 Pansy Band. P., Miss Fogg.	20842 Lewiston, N. Y. District No. 2, Band. P., Henry G. Meacham.
20696 East Building. Star Band. P., Miss Nold.	20734 Sunshine Band. P., Viola M. Williamson.	20767 I'll Try Band. P., Harry S. Myers.	20805 Daisy Band. P., Miss Eggleston.	20843 Villa Park, Colo. Cent. Endeavor Mission B'd. P., Mrs. A. F. Rexroon.
20697 Hope Band. P., Miss Miller.	20735 Graded School Band. P., Abbie Bond.	20768 Willing Workers Band. P., Ransome Dunn.	20806 Rosebud Band. P., Mrs. Graham.	20844 Brainerd, Minn. Junior League Band. P., Mrs. Geo. West.
20698 Little Helpers Band. P., Miss Thayer.	20736 Hamburg, Iowa. Hamburg Band. P., H. H. Jacobs.	20769 Golden Rule Band. P., A. S. Salley.	20807 Helping Hand Band. P., Sister Euphemia.	20845 Webster, Mass. Beautiful Joe Band. P., Miss Hammond.
20699 Lawrence, Kan. Blue Violet Band. P., Hope M. Delo.	20737 Plankinton, S. D. Helen G. Putnam Band. P., Bernice L. Brown.	20770 Helping Hand Band. P., D. B. Reed.	20808 Sunshine Band. P., Sister Jeraldine.	20846 Santa Monica, Cal. Santa Monica Band No. 1. P., Mrs. W. B. Mayes.
20700 Morrystown, Pa. White Ribbon Band. P., Miss Ida Wood Harry.	20738 Excelsior Band. P., W. L. Stuart.	20771 Black Beauty Band. P., G. F. Gardner.	20809 Hope Band. P., Sister Firmina.	20847 Santa Monica No. 2, Band. P., Miss Maud Nelson.
20701 Stillwater, Minn. Stillwater Sunshine Band. P., Miss Jennie Benson.	20739 Golden Rule Band. P., S. J. Gier.	20772 Black Beauty Band. P., G. F. Gardner.	20810 Excelsior Band. P., Frank M. Beard.	20848 Santa Monica No. 3, Band. P., H. S. Hubbard.
20702 Brockton, Mass. Silver Star Band. P., Hazel Copeland.	20740 I'll Try Band. P., Miss Dubois.	20773 Excelsior Band. P., L. F. Anderson.	20811 Golden Rule Band. P., Wm. Reed.	20849 Baltimore, Md. Whittier Band. P., Louisa P. Blackburn.
20703 Barnston, P. Q. Faith Band. P., Mrs. Sarah Buckland.	20741 Neverfail Band. P., Miss Tyler.	20774 Golden Rule Band. P., S. D. Fry.	20812 Black Beauty Band. P., S. S. Acker.	20850 Paw Paw, Mich. Dare to do Right Band. P., Dana H. Gilman.
20704 Hope Band. P., Miss Lucy Thornton.	20742 Willing Workers' Band. P., Miss Ayars.	20775 G. T. Angell Band. P., J. A. King.	20813 I'll Try Band. P., Anna Draper.	20851 Bellows Falls, Vt. Green Mountain Band. P., Cora L. Dwyette.
20705 Charity Band. P., Miss Minnie Buckland.	20743 Helping Hand Band. P., Miss Blackman.	20776 Longfellow Band. P., Grace E. Cogshall.	20814 Busy Workers Band. P., Nettie Tyner.	20852 Providence, R. I. James Eddy Band. P., Miss A. E. McCloy.
20706 Mishawaka, Ind. Orphan's Home School. P., Sarah Hathaway.	20744 Wide Awake Band. P., Miss Barker.	20777 J. G. Whittier Band. P., Hattie Cobb.	20815 Neverfail Band. P., Leota Strong.	20853 Plum, Pa. Chapmanville Band. P., O. M. Sherman.
20707 Red Wing, Minn. Featherstone Band. P., Briton Featherstone.	20745 Sunshine Band. P., Miss Martin.	20778 Violet Band. P., Belle Troy.	20816 Wide Awake Band. P., W. J. Draper.	20854 Chandboli, India. Chandboli Band. P., Mr. Babu Charles Singh.
20708 Cranston, R. I. Lincoln Band. P., Miss Ida F. Haven.	20746 Little Helpers Band. P., Miss Atwater.	20779 Rose Band. P., E. MacCarr.	20817 Helping Hand Band. P., Deacon McCready.	20855 McMinnville, Oregon. Golden Rule Band. P., Miss Minnie Helyer.
20709 Flandreau, S. D. Flandreau Band. P., Grace A. Reed.	20747 Lily Band. P., Millie Troy.	20780 Lily Band. P., Laura Baum.	20818 Lily Band. P., Monta Singer.	20856 Tyrol, Minn. Tyrol Band. P., Mrs. J. O. Erdal.
20710 St. Pauls Band. P., St. Aloysius Band.	20748 Rose Band. P., Miss Lyon.	20781 Mayflower Band. P., Ada Barnum.	20819 Rose Band. P., Jennie F. Hoover.	20857 Summerville, Oregon. Summerville Band. P., Mrs. Wm. Chattin.
20711 St. Berchmans Band.	20749 Pansy Band. P., Miss Cooning.	20782 Pansy Band. P., G. F. Delong.	20820 Violet Band. P., Elvora Cantwell.	
20712 St. Francis Band.	20750 Hope Band. P., Miss Gaskins.	20783 Daisy Band. P., Lillie Buck.	20821 Tulip Band. P., E. M. Roberts.	
20713 St. Marys Band.	20751 Star Band. P., Miss Dudley.	20784 Hope Band. P., Alice Thoms.	20822 Mayflower Band. P., Lula Hadden.	
20715 St. Agnes Band.		20785 Star Band. P., Helen Doty.	20823 Daisy Band. P., Anna E. Fulton.	
20716 St. Joseph Band.		20786 Sunshine Band. P., Hattie F. Reynolds.	20824 Pansy Band. P., Emma Sudworth.	
20717 St. Lawrence Band.		20787 Pansy Band. P., Miss Chapman.	20825 Hope Band. P., Ella Trout.	
20718 Oxford, N. J. Sunshine Band. P., Evangeline Lukens.		20788 Mayflower Band. P., Miss Kennedy.	20826 Star Band. P., Ida Maines.	
		20789 Daisy Band. P., Mrs. DeLong.	20827 Sunshine Band. P., Edna Hutchinson.	

THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH AND
DISSECTIONS IN OUR PUBLIC
SCHOOLS.

It is a well settled doctrine of the Roman Catholic Church, as we are told by some of our Roman Catholic friends, that any truly good man or woman who, by reason of false education or invincible ignorance is outside the visible church, may nevertheless be ultimately saved.

Some of the readers of our Autobiographical Sketches will remember the anecdote we tell there of a lord bishop of the Church of England who once said to one of his servant girls: "I suppose, Bridget, that you, being a Roman Catholic, believe that I, being a Protestant and a heretic, will be finally lost." "Oh no,"

said Bridget, "I doesn't believe you will be lost, sir." "Why not? why not, Bridget? How can I, a Protestant and a heretic, be saved?" "Because of your Ignorance, sir!"

We have received this morning a letter from a member of our Massachusetts State Board of Education, complaining of what we said in our December number about our State Normal School at Framingham, and advocating teaching to dissect cats and other animals.

If, according to the belief of our Roman Catholic friends, there can be any salvation for such a doctrine, it cannot come by reason of false education, for this new device of the Devil to fight our "Bands of Mercy" is of recent origin in our educational systems.

It is not a question in this article whether cats and other animals should or should not be dissected in medical schools, but whether

the boys and girls in all our schools, without regard to home surroundings and influences, are to be taught to practise, either with or without chloroform, experiments in the dissection of animals, which they may repeat upon human beings, and perhaps some of them upon their own fathers and mothers.

If it is necessary to give school children this kind of education why not take them at once to our slaughter houses and the dissecting tables where the bodies of deceased men, women and children are operated upon?

We do most sincerely hope, for the welfare of future generations in this old Commonwealth of Massachusetts, that the time may soon come when its State Board of Education will cease their efforts to teach children scientific cruelty, and instead use every effort in their power to establish "Bands of Mercy" in all our Normal and other schools.

GEO. T. ANGELL.



OUR BOYS' HUMANE SOCIETY.

THE BOYS' HUMANE SOCIETY.

In the scorching, blasting heat of this June day Harriman had driven this jaded beast ten miles up hill, into Eastford, without stop or stay. The horse stood drenched with sweat, legs shaking, eyes blood-shot, nostrils red, and breathing like a creature in death agonies. Here they were, Harriman swearing "he'd driv hosses 'fore them air little whelps (the school boys) was borned, he had. He'd see whether he'd be stopped by 'em this time!"

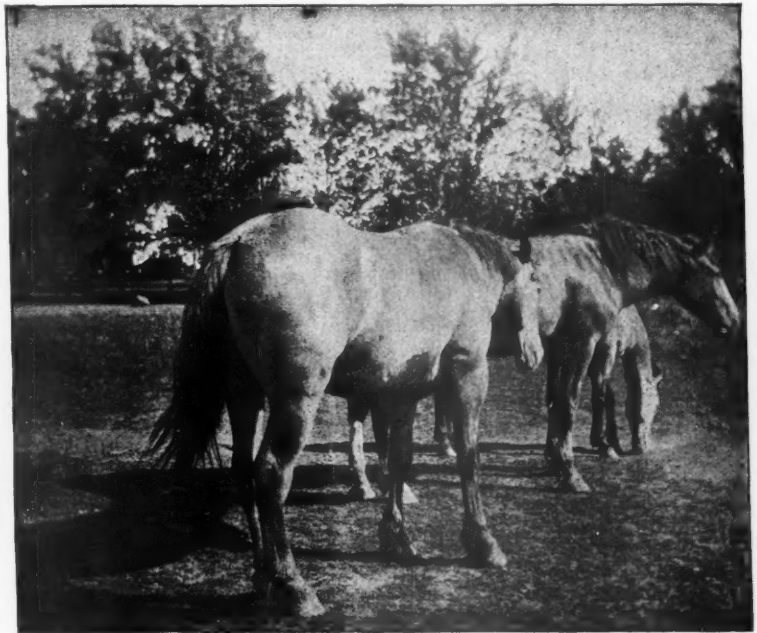
Nevertheless, stopped he was, and there was old Judge Otis coming briskly down the walk from his house.

"Here they are, sir, man and beast," cried Ned. "Which is the beast?" asked Judge Otis, and his kind old face took on a look of wrath which no boy there had ever seen it take before.

Ten minutes later and the road was cleared. Harriman and his drunken comrade were marched off to the lockup to await trial before a justice. They were fined fifty dollars apiece, and went to jail for lack of the wherewithal to pay. Cad Rogan and Ned Canning, with the doctor's man, were in the stable working away for dear life over a half dead horse. You may wish to know, as most people did, what became of the animal; and I think you will be glad to hear that the rubbing, brushing, and blanketting saved its life, and that it went home to its master next day. So much for the "Humane Society" for one day.

"I tell you," said Miss Hepsy, with great earnestness, "I tell you I'm thankful the Lord has let me see this 'fore I die. I've lived here in this town of Eastford ever since I was born; 'n I've seen more sufferin' among dumb creatures than I could ever tell ye. The whole creation groanin' and travellin' in pain, together 'till now. I believe that air's what the 'postle meant when he said them words, an' I tell ye it's time them things was looked into. I'm glad we've got a teacher 'mongst us here that's got the heart to do it. I say now what I've al'ays said, that no blessin' would be sent down on this Zion till folks stopped abusin' dumb creatures. When that's stopped, then"—here Miss Hepsy held her steel knitting-needle poised in air, and shook it with emphasis—"then I shall look for a revival. Now you mark my words!"—"Striking For the Right," By JULIA A. EASTMAN.

Who dares sit before a king with his hat on? His coachman.



FROM "GRANDMA'S DARLINGS," BY EVA M. C., KELLOGG.

AN INDIAN LEGEND.

An Indian chief, growing old and weary of life, determined to set out for Paradise, or the place of rest, which he believed to lie beyond the winding river and blue hills in front of his dwelling.

He started, accompanied by his wife, his son, and two faithful followers—his favorite dog keeping close at his heels.

The way was long. The track lay up steep hill-sides, and across parching plains, then through the deep snow of mountains.

After a time the chieftain's wife left his side and returned. The dog, after looking back with a low whine, followed his master.

The way grew more difficult, till at length the son too faltered, fell back, and left his father.

The chieftain's dog and two of the servants still remained; but after a while their courage failed. They besought him to turn homeward. But the chieftain turned towards the brilliant light streaming from the setting sun, where he thought he could already see the pearly gates of the Golden City, and said:

"Return if you will; I will struggle onward alone!"

The men turned back, sorry to leave their chief, yet glad to have his permission to go; but the faithful dog lifted his wistful eyes to his master's face, nestled his rough head under his hand, and refused to leave him.

Day by day, night after night, the pair went on together over crag and swamp and hill and valley, till at length there lay but one snow-capped peak between the chief and his long-desired journey's end. The rosy and golden light from the Heavenly City streamed over the snow; but that did not make it less cold and deep.

As he bravely ploughed a passage across the chill height, against the freezing blast laden with snow flakes, he fell overpowered by the wind's icy breath.

But the dog, which had kept close to him all the while, now sprang forward; and lying on his breast kept the warmth in his feeble heart, and licked his beloved master's face and hands, making sharp cries to rouse him from the drowsiness which was creeping over him.

The chief awoke, and stumbling to his feet, patted the good dog, which by joyful gambols and cheerful barking tried to lead him onward.

In another half hour the chief stood knocking at the gate of Paradise, and a shining winged-one looked over the glittering door.

"I wish to come in," said the chief.

"Willingly," replied the angel of the gate.

"But what is that in the shadow behind you?"

"It is my faithful dog," said the chieftain.

"He cannot enter here," replied the angel.

"You may come in, but you must leave him outside."

The chief pleaded earnestly with the angel, begging that his companion might be admitted; but all in vain.

"It is forbidden—it must not be," said the keeper of the gate. "Enter; but the dog must remain without."

"Then I will stay with him!" said the Indian.

"This creature has been faithful when all others forsook me! He has saved my life; where he goes I will go! I will share his fate as he shared mine!"

The chieftain was turning to leave the gate when lo! at his side, instead of the trembling limbs of the frightened dog with upturned timid face, there stood a bright form with white wings and a radiant countenance, but with clear eyes full of just such mild love as the creature's had been. Smiling, this fair vision took the hand of the chief, and leading him in at the open gate said, "I was your guardian angel. If you had not been true to me I could never have guided you within these gates. We will enter together and be happy forever."

Receipts by the M. S. P. C. A. in November, 1894.

Fines and witness fees, \$145.10.

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Mrs. J. M. Welsh, \$25; Miss Alice Byington, \$25; Misses J. F. and E. Dow, \$20; F. J. Coburn, \$19.75; Wm. Brewster, \$3; Rev. Father Glynn, \$3; Mrs. D. W. Gooch, \$3; Prof. Paine, \$3; Mrs. J. Royce, \$3.

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All others in sums of less than one dollar, \$2.40.

Total, \$476.15.

Bequest of W. F. A. Sill, of Windsor, Conn., \$100.

The American Humane Education Society for literature and sundries, \$157.88.

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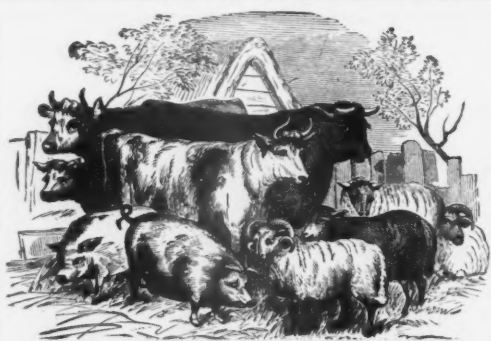
Miss Mary Drummond, \$20; Mrs. E. C. Thayer, \$5; Edw. M. Holt, \$3.50; Miss E. McCormick, \$2.50; F. L. Wilson, \$2; Mrs. L. C. Leet, \$2; Miss A. M. Storer, \$1.80; Mrs. M. S. Rogers, \$1.80; Chas. F. Jenks, \$1.50; Mrs. J. H. Smith, \$1.50; Miss Alla Otis, \$1.50; Maud Brown, \$1.25; Mrs. G. P. Tisbury, \$1.25; Mrs. B. E. Perry, \$0.75; Mrs. S. A. Clark, \$0.75; Cash, \$0.75.

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H. A. Cozzens, Mrs. J. P. T. Percival, Mrs. B. Schlesinger, R. B. Moon, Mrs. T. Schertz, Rev. Geo. Orbin, C. O. Pratt, Mrs. N. P. Sackett, Martha Hodgson, Mrs. W. M. Smith, Miss M. Saunders, Mrs. M. E. McCauley, Miss C. Flagler, Mrs. J. S. Antisdale, Susanna M. Hart, Mrs. L. H. Hall, P. F. Genwell, H. W. P. Colson, Mrs. F. G. Latham, Mr. Spinner, Mrs. H. M. Clark, M. A. Bigelow.

FIFTY CENTS EACH.

J. J. Lewis, B. Ledbetter, Mrs. J. A. Burden, Rebecca M. Bundy, T. W. Jenness, Mrs. E. A. Shores, E. Frinsdorff, Amelia A. Moe, Mrs. C. L. Trask, Miss Sweetser, L. L. Lewis, Miss M. W. Jones, Mrs. E. L. Coldren, Mrs. J. Bridgewater, N. Saig, E. Kendall, H. H. Raschig, Mary H. Cutler, Miss A. D. Ludlow, Mrs. J. M. Chute, A. E. Dennie, Estella M. Hart, D. Sheffield, Mrs. C. P. Croft, Mrs. J. M. Moulton, A. P.



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All others in sums of less than fifty cents, \$208.02.

Total, \$303.46.

Publications sold, \$198.77.

Total, \$1381.36.

Receipts by The American Humane Education Society for November.

A. N. Y. friend, \$50; Dr. H. B. Cross, \$10; Band of Mercy, Escondido, Cal., \$6.29; Mrs. F. J. Bumstead, \$3.50; K. C. Corson, \$1; A friend, \$1.

And from sales of the American Humane Education Society's publications:

Mrs. A. L. Barber, \$6.75; Town of Kittery, Me., \$7.50; Miss A. D. Ludlow, \$9.88; Mrs. Ann Slatter, \$8.75; Baker & Taylor Co., \$10; J. B. Lippincott Co., \$45.33; Eaton, Lyon & Co., \$7.25; Havens & Geddes Co., \$5; City of Lewiston, Me., \$5.40; Vickery & Co., \$5; Mrs. John Woodward, \$10; W. B. Clarke & Co., \$5.05; Brown, Eager & Hull Co., \$5.75; Edwin R. Weeks, \$17.50; Mrs. Rice, \$6; Pub. School Pub. Co., \$5.60; H. R. Pattengill, \$5; Damrell & Upham, \$8.84; Mrs. E. J. Gray, \$19.28.

All others in sums of less than five dollars, \$92.12.

Interest, \$6.77.

WHERE DO OUR BIRDS WINTER?

The robin in winter is sometimes seen in the latitude of St. Louis. He goes southward as far as into Eastern Mexico.

Sometimes the meadow-lark may be seen in Northern Illinois during cold weather, but he is very plentiful then in the Southern States. Long before severe frosts come, the orioles and bobolinks hie them south, and do not return until grass and leaves are expanding. Blackbirds also through the Southern States, and some of them go as far as the table-lands of Mexico.

Of that numerous family, the warblers, the black-throated blue warbler winters in Florida, while the yellow-throat and the palm warbler have been found to winter in Southern Illinois.

The catbird goes as far south as Panama and Cuba, and the mocking-bird stays largely in the Southern States, although it sometimes goes to the Antilles and the Bahamas during the winter.

The swallows are to be found in Florida, and the purple martins in Mexico; the ruby-throat flies among the orange groves of Florida, while the whip-poor-will may be found as far southward as Guatemala.

The thrashers and the wrens do not go so far south as some other birds. The wood thrush winters in Guatemala, the hermit thrush along the Gulf coast, and the cuckoo passes to the highlands of Mexico.

The rose-breasted grosbeak visits Cuba, the indigo bunting reaches Southern Mexico, the golden plover flies as far as Patagonia, while the upland plover makes itself at home in Brazil or Peru.

The more brilliant the plumage of a bird the farther south it migrates, and even those birds which are the most resident—like the joy, the grouse, and the quail—move in winter to a milder climate.

Golden Days.

"Consider the ravens—God feedeth them."

—Luke xii: 7.

A wedding invitation we have recently seen hits the bull's eye. It reads: "Your presents requested."

CANADIAN OPINIONS OF "OUR DUMB ANIMALS."

"An intensely interesting publication."—Trenton, Ontario, Courier.

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Prices of Humane Publications.

The following publications of the Massachusetts Society P. C. Animals can be obtained at our offices at the following cost prices, free of postage:—

Autobiographical Sketches and Recollections, by Geo. T. Angell, 6 cents each at office, or 10 cents mailed; or cloth bound, 20 cents at office, and 25 cents mailed.	
Address to Boston Public Schools, by Geo. T. Angell, 2 cents each, or \$2.00 per 100	
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Twelve Lessons on Kindness to Animals, by Geo. T. Angell, at 2 cents for the whole twelve bound together, or	2.00 "
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